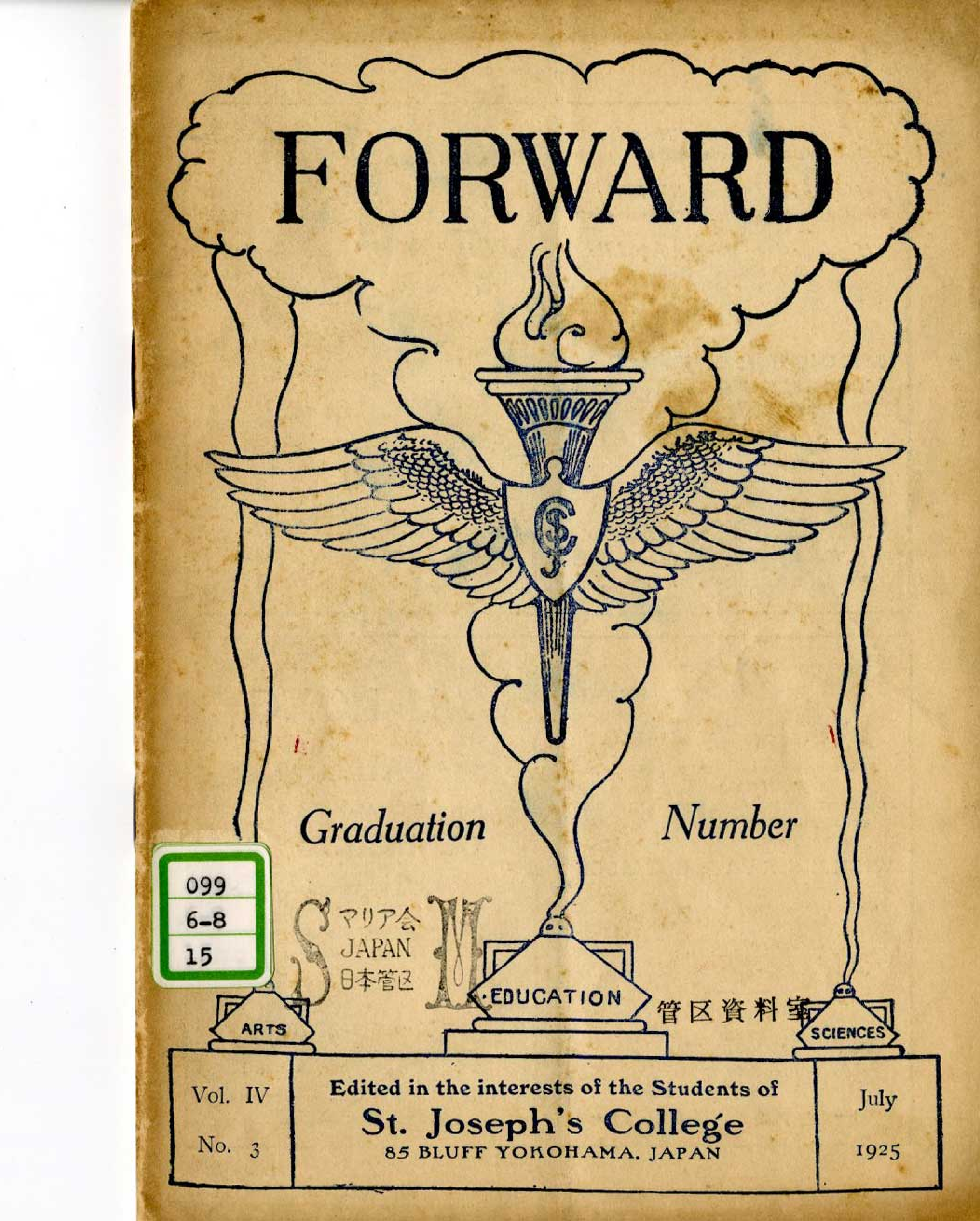


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St. Joseph's College

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Salutatory

Samuel G. Shaw, '25

On this happy occasion every heart is re-echoing with warm and joyful sentiments. The very flowers nod and beckon to us; the feathery songsters twitter as of hopes fulfilled.

Now that we stand upon this summit attained and look down upon the long and winding trail that has led to this day's height of expectation, we doubly realize the meaning of College Commencement Day.

Long have we thought of it, long have we looked forward to it as the crowning point of our boyhood years, and now that it is here, we are wild with joy: for nothing pleases so much as work well done and attained.

Dearest Parents:

See how you are hopelessly bound up with this day's joy and happiness! You have by your kind and righteous guidings kept us in the narrow path to God and to success.

How can we ever repay even in the least degree what we owe you: your love for us, your solicitous care for us, your sacrifices for us? By your loving kindness you have aided us throughout infancy, when tottering steps would have brought us to misfortune; through boyhood years, when inexperience would have led us astray; through youth you have consoled and comforted us when we fell; forgiven us when we erred; advised us when we were at loss.

You have led us to this Joyful Day as surely as if your hand had held and piloted us to it. Ought we not to reciprocate and return a part of what is our debt to you? So on this happy occasion when our joy is magnified a hundred-fold in your hearts: Dearest Parents, we strive to refund a portion of the love you have lavished upon us and bid you a whole-hearted welcome to this academic triumph, this ceremony of our inauguration into life.

Dearest Teachers:

You have given us the key to knowledge, a key to a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and consequently for the dim reflected glory of mankind. There is no power on earth but knowledge; it is the wing with which we fly to better and higher ideals. And you are the mentors who have implanted in us the seeds of learning and cultured them to maturity. So to you, our grateful and most heartful thanks.

A good education is an antidote to fear, so why should we be afraid to face the world? You, Dearest Teachers, have equipped us with a-

armour to battle successfully in the combats of life.

But what is learning if it is not backed by a firm and lively faith, by correct beliefs, by a righteous adherence that makes for all that is good in man? You have not neglected the all-important education of the soul. When we faltered you encouraged and stimulated us. You have guided us through the thorny path of duty and the narrow way of virtue, so that we would at all times entertain the ambition to be real men.

Fellow Students:

The journey, whose course we have pursued to this happy end remains to be trod in greater or lesser degree by you. Be not discouraged! Never forget that sweet recompense is well worth whatever hardships you have to endure. And with the glittering goal always in view, you too will feel the pulse of exultation which we feel today.

Parents, teachers and friends and all here present, we tender to you our heartiest and most cordial welcome.

Valedictory

Antony d'Aquino, '25

OFTEN have we observed the dandelion with its head of winged seeds trembling in the September breezes, and a shade of sorrow would creep over our soul at the thought that those glossy white plumes would disperse and its beauty be destroyed by the wind. But on further considering that some day the same beauty would be multiplied hundreds of times over we would feel a joy of expectancy.

Such are the alternating sentiments of the soul: sorrow and pleasure, hope tainted with sadness, a rainbow of smiles and tears.

Such is the mingled course of life: we cannot strike a stratum of happiness without hitting a vein of sadness; we cannot see a dark cloud of sorrow without finding a silvery lining of hope. The further we glide along the stream of existence, the better will we understand and appreciate this law of life.

This very day is a concrete example. Here indeed the cup of joy is lifted to our lips. It is full to the brim with nectar of the past, sweet remembrances of schooldays, and justifiable pride in this hour of triumph. But while we are tasting this delicious wine we feel that it is mixed with few, though large drops of sadness.

For we are now like the dandelion. Time is slowly but yet inexorably bearing us out into the offing of life's sea. Fain would we linger at school; we must do violence to ourselves to depart; but depart we must at the risk of failing against those very duties of life for which it was our schooling's very purpose to prepare us.

Dear Alma Mater! the day has come! No more shall we enjoy the pleasures of the happy days spent in your embrace. You have been a guide to our intellectual culture, and a mother to our moral development. We pledge that your emdeavors shall not be in vain. Farewell, dear Alma Mater, even in the bustle of our

future years, we will find precious moments to cherish your loving memory.

Reverend Director and Respected Members of the Faculty;

How can we ever repay you for the treasures of knowledge you have imparted to us, for the wise counsels you have given us, and for the ideals with which you have inspired us? How can we ever repay you? What can we say in order to express adequately our gratitude? "The swiftest wing of recompense is too slow to overtake you." The only way to prove our sentiments is to go into the world and be true, genuine men, worthy of the name of St. Joseph's College Therefore, farewell, dear teachers, we will go forth to fight and conquer.

And to you, dear schoolmates, we must speak the words of parting. It was with a light and gladsome heart that we said our words of greeting, but it is hard, indeed, to say "goodbye." This is the final tribute of the Senior Class. This is the last and dearest price for the exultation of this graduation day. But let us accept it courageously; it is for our mutual betterment. We will separate so that you may aspire worthily to fill our vacant place, and so that we, the graduating class may battle our way to success. Life's ways are not strewn with roses, but perseverance shall conquer.

Let our farewell be for you a stimulus for the days of school-life still yours, and we sincerely hope that this farewell will be an everlasting forget-me-not to remain for all times fresh and fragrant in your minds.

Classmates;

We are on the borderline of our second home, the school, and life. We have struggled to this height together, but from now on we have to labor individually. If I may presume to advise my equals I would say, put all your energy in whatever you do, no matter what your insufficiencies may be.

Those beautiful words "Seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you" may be applied to our wordly life. Seek success and success is yours. Knock at the golden gates of opportunity and achievement will be yours.

But we must not tarry we must not hesitate, we must not idle our time away, for life is not to breathe and enjoy, but to act and accomplish, for "we are the architects of our own career."

Let this day be the beginning of your pursuit for success; let these words of parting be the passport to the realm of happiness. Let the fleeting years be but a lengthening chain which binds our hearts together so that link by link we may trace our thoughts back to this day; till we meet again comrades, till we meet again.

A Boy's Secret

M. Fachtmann, '25

THE front entrance opened with a soft grating of hinges and weary footsteps echoed along the walls of an empty hall.

"Louis dearest, is that you?" asked a quivering voice from the adjacent room.

Louis was the only son of a widow, Mrs. Wentworth; an obedient and a smart boy. Sharp attentive eyes adorned his face of 17. Dark glossy hair added to his looks.

"Yes, mother! – how sad she seems, how lonely she must have felt without me – Hurriedly crossing to her side he dropped on his knees and began to caress her fondly.

In her better days she was soft and glowing but age and poverty had thrown the veil on beauty and now she was a bent, shivering mother, fighting through existence. Even eyesight failed her. Sitting in front of a small fire her body was trying to catch the slight warmth given out by the feeble flames, but no fire could now melt the ice that gradually formed around her soul. Worry had built a network of sorrows in her heart. Slowly but surely she was coming to an end. Only her son could make her last days, days of joy.

"My child, you cannot imagine how sad and lonely I've been without you. How I waited to have you back! Four times I was disappointed when I thought I heard you enter. Louis, promise me that you'll stay by your mother always.

"But—we have to live, I have to work."

"How cruel, how cruel this world is! I cannot even have my child with me during my long, dreary hours."

"Mother, be brave. Some day I'll get you to live in comfort, some day I'll be able to stay with you, and make you happy. Be brave!"

"Louis, tell me what you do the whole day"

"It's work mother, hard work; but if I succeed it'll be a surprise for you. At present I cannot tell you because if I should fail your disappointment would be greater than mine. Mother dearest, please don't ask me this one question. I want to surprise you."

"Well my boy, if so you wish, I will keep quiet."

In the morning Louis woke up as usual, dressed and went to the cubboard only to find a small piece of bread and a pint of milk. Hungry as he was he spared his share of the breakfast for his mother. Empty-stomached he faced the crisp morning air to trudge his way to the office of Messrs. Dewett & Co. He was one of the many applicants whose youthful whims in radio had been accepted. It was the first time fortune had crossed his way. Here was his chance much looked for. He must make a booming invention out of his idea. Then thought he, my mother could have the long-awaited comfort so necessary to her old age.

He entered the office-building and saw sitting behind a mahogany desk a good natured gentleman.

"Mister, can you please tell me where I must go? I am one of the accepted applicants of last week's test."

Saying this he pulled out a sheet of printed paper with some illegible signature.

"Ah! exclaimed the man importantly. Boy! take Master Louis Wentworth to Room 7 and equip him with all necessaries."

He was led up a flight of grand stairs, passed a number of similar looking doors and at last halted in front of one that had the figure 7 painted neatly in white enamel.

He entered the room but that was all he did. For a moment he was astounded to muteness. For five

minutes he stared in sheer amazement at all the apparatuses, this and thats, contained there.

"Hurrah! he yelled after a time. With this I'll make a ripping success. I feel it."

As if in response to his words of joy a man wearing dark-rimmed spectacles came walking to his side.

"My boy, I'm Malborough. Let me congratulate you for your swell idea." A solid smack on the back followed the words.

"I'm in charge of this place and am to help you. I sure will be glad to do that to a bright fellow like you. Must admit that kids get jolly smart inspirations once in a while. Ha! ha!"

What more could Louis want; a good, even perfect laboratory, a kind-hearted engineer. Nothing more was needed to work out his plan.

That night he returned home eagerly, radiant and expectful. His mother guessed his joys, and shared hers with her son.

"Louis, whatever the secret of yours is it must be a noble one, for only noble thoughts can give you genuine joys."

"Mother I'm happy! happy! I could almost cry with joy. It's so hard to keep the secret but I must not tell you till I'm worthy.

"Worthy! My boy I'm anxious to hear the results. May God help you to make the labor of yours a success."

"Thanks mother. Your words shall drive me on when I'm weary and tired. Soon I'll try to return to you triumphant.

"Mother listen. Be brave. I need your help. The company wants me to test my idea in their New York factory so that I will be away for at least a week. You'll be lonely, you'll be weary but......"

"Oh Louis, how can you, how can you think of leaving me for so long. My heart will break to have you away."

"But listen mother. Your bravery might mean my success. Promise me that you will let me go without spilling a tear."

'I'll try. I'll try."

The next day Louis parted for New York. The leaving was a difficult one. Poor mother, you can imagine her sorrow. Tears swelled even in Louis' eyes.

The week dragged and lagged but never seemed to come to an end. Every morning found other days to weep through. At last the day for his return came. From early morning she was up waiting, waiting.

"Louis, he must have had an accident, poor Louis, he must be sick" were the words continually murmured by his mother. He returned.

The joy, the happiness of his mother to feel her son once more in her embrace.

"How was it Louis?" was all she could say.

"Ripping ma! ripping! Sit down and I'll tell you all. Here is something I made during my spare time." She waited to hear his next word, but instead she heard the joyous howling of a saxophone, the patting of a drum and the fox-trotty rhythm of the accompaniments.

"Ma! This set will keep your time rather well occupied. And ma! something better; the surprise—guess."

"Hurry Louis, tell me, tell me quick."

"Success! Mr. Dewett gave me a check of 1000 in advance as a present and 10% of the sale comes as regular income from the company. Oh mother! we're rich, you can have comfort, all, all."

All's Well That Ends Well

Rupert Cox, '25

WITH a hum the new model Cadillac skidded around the corner into the long stretch of road near Coney Island. Its head-lights cast grotesque shadows that danced in rhythm with the quivering of the car. Sidney Setlus, the son of a millionaire whose name he bore, leaned over the steering wheel, looking down intently at the broad ribbon of light. In the semidarkness of the car his face could not be seen, but his muscular physique and shoulders were sure signs of a strong willed man.

Bang! The car fell into an unexpected hole and a howl rose from the back of the car. "Stop it!"—"You'll kill us."—"Are you drunk?"

"Ah! shut up," drawled the driver, "can't you see I'm busy?" and turning around for a moment, he looked sneeringly at two young men in the rear of the car.

By this time they had nearley reached the end of the stretch but yet the tremendous pace was continued. All of a sudden he felt an arm around his neck.

"High!—Let go, d'you hear me?—Let go!" howled the steerer.

"Stop the car or I'll kill you." screamed a shaky voice at his ears.

"You're mad, let go or we'll wreck." but still the hand held fast. Impatient and boiling with anger, the young man let go the steering wheel and recklessly grasped his oppressor. The car zigzaged for an instant and swerving off the road, like a rudderless boat, hit a tree, and in the next moment, Sid and the driver flew thru the air, seeing planets, stars and moons. With a thud they fell into oozy ground and all went black.

After a week in the hospital, suffering from a broken collar bone, two split ribs and some scratches, Sid came out again into the open air. Perhaps he was a trifle stiff but this did not bother him; what made his handsome face look wry was the thought of his angry father. Early that morning he had received a note from his parent, requesting him to appear at his office as soon as he got out of the hospital. It had a streak of determination and anger hidden between the lines and Sid had clearly read them.

At the big gates of the hospital he called a taxi and soon he was in New York's financial corner, Wall Street. Entering a skyscraper bearing the name Setlus & Co,. he went into his father's private office. Timidly he knocked at a door marked "Private" and was gruffly told to come in The room was a well furnished office with all requirements and like its owner was strong and durable.

Sid was met by a strong, square jawed man, with almost white hair and nervously chewing on an unlighted cigar. His weed shifted in his mouth and the muscles of his jaw showed prominently as he looked at his son's battered face. A smile of indignation and contempt swept across his face and taking his cigar out of his mouth he roared forth his wrath. Sid had never met a cyclone before, but now he was swept off his feet.

"So this is how you show your love, eh? Do you think that I buy cars for College boys to break? Are you trying to kill yourself? Now don't try to talk, I know you want to spring up some excuse. Yes, I read all about it in papers. It's disgraceful, it's unbearable,'' and here a sob escaped his lips but it was swept away by an uncontrollable fury.

"I have nothing more to do with you, you good for nothing fool, over twenty one years of age and yet relying on your old father. Get out of here. I disown you. I condemn you. No more money from me until you become something besides a car smasher and a spendthrift." Sid did not move, he was too surprised, he never expected it to come to this but he had a will of his own.

"Out of here, I tell you." hoarsely yelled the man.

"Father, do you mean *it*?" doubtingly Sid asked.

"Yes, I mean every word of it."

"All right father, I won't ask for another cent from you until I've made good and if you have a strong will and are stubborn, your son also has a strong will and is stubborn. Like father, like son. Good-bye, father, I'm my own boss from now on." Boiling with rage but outwardly cool, he walked from the office, a determined young man. As for his father, he stood there for fully five minutes, surprised in his turn."

"My! I never knew he had it in him."

On reaching home, Sid packed up his belongings and saying good-bye to his home he walked out of his gay old world into one of real pleasure and happiness, earned by hard work and earnestness.

Two months had passed, September and October, and Sid was way up in his class. He had returned to College, helped along by the money he had and also by collecting past debts. He had, as a pastime, entered the regular football practice. During his high school days he had been the star in his school and now his past experience came into use, for he was taken after a month of solid practice into the Varsity Eleven. There he worked hard so as to make his presence in the team of some use; and he succeeded. He became the best quarter-back in the College. The high life he left behind was forgotten and he saw only the bright and beautiful present.

The Eleven had won every game and their next fight was against Yardley U. the nonbeatables, at the home Stadium. One glorious Saturday afternoon they clashed. The play rocked back and forth around center, the teams were of the same strength, the yelling and excited fans looked on with drawn attention.

"There he goes!"—"That's the boy Sid."—"Sit on him!" yelled the crowd. For indeed Sid was in his finest form and he worked harder than he had ever worked. He was here, he was there, in fact he was everywhere at once.

The time passed, the third quarter came but no points on either side. Breathlessly the fans looked on as the warriors of the Stadium rocked in each other's grasp. Suddenly a break was made and the home team made a perfect forward pass. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty yards were gained, still thirty yards to go. Time was fleeting, only a minute to go, the act must be done quickly.

"Here goes fellows" yelled the coach from the side-line. The ball was tossed into Sid's outstretched hands and instead of making a break as all the fans expected, he kicked and the pig-skin soared gracefully over the

sticks. The field goal saved the day for soon the whistle blew for time and the roaring enthusiastic crowd of fans fell upon the team and they were hoisted onto the broad shoulders of their admirers. Sid was proclaimed, amid much yelling and rahs, the hero of the game.

At last the warriors broke away from the crowd and they went to change. After his usual rubdown, Sid dressed and went out alone to meditate and fight the battle over again. At the door he was met by a broad shouldered, muscular, square-jawed man, covered with smiles.

"So here you are." and before Sid could speak his father broke in, "I'm proud of you, my boy. You've made a new man of me today, Sid. Now I know that there is some spunk in you."

"But how did you come down father?" asked the surprised son.

"Oh, I read about the proposed game in the newspapers and seeing your name among the bunch I thought I'd come and see you play."

"Thanks, dad, I'm glad."

"God bless you, boy. You have made your name in this College besides being a car smasher and a spendthrift. You're something here and you know that I always keep my promise. Won't you forgive my rashness and came home with me?"

"But father there is nothing to forgive. It is I who should beg pardon for my recklessness and causing such pains and sorrow to you."

"I forgive you, Sid."

"Father then it's all settled. You have forgiven me?"

"Yes, my son, the moment you left the office that afternoon I forgave you but I wanted you to learn the struggles and hardships in life, so I let you go on."

"And I am thankful you did it, father, for I've learned what true happiness is. That it lies in work and earnestness."

Hearing Electrons

John S. Boyd, '19

IT has become a trite saying that the electrical development popularly known as "wireless" is still in its infancy. New discoveries in the realm of electromagnetic energy are made every day, and each further advance recorded makes it necessary to revise our past knowledge in much the same way as the modern chemist has been compelled to remodel the earlier theories of the elements.

At the same time our increasing knowledge of radio phenomena, often arising out of experiments originally framed to reach quite another end, has directed the researches of scientists to new paths of observation, some of which have been fruitful in astonishing results. A notable instance in point is found in the development by the Danish physicist Niels Bohr of the Quantum Theory of the energy of the electron first enunciated by Max Planck in 1900.

The function of the thermionic valve in wireless practice is now fairly familiar to many, though comparatively few pause to make themselves acquainted with the phenomena of the electronic flow. The wireless

experimenter knows in a rough-and-ready fashion that when a filament of the valve is heated by means of an electric current, a stream of electrons flows from the filament or cathode to the plate or anode, and that the position of the third electrode or grid makes it possible to control the flow of electrons by varying the potential of the grid with relation to the filament, and it is known that this procedure produced certain definite results. Beyond that point the average experimenter has apparently little desire to go, nor is it particularly necessary that he should. He has been enabled to hear WGY and KDKA, or even more distant stations, and he is content with that phase of his endeavours.

The more advanced investigator is by no means satisfied with mere results. He seeks a more intimate and more minute knowledge of the complex conditions by which these manifestations are surrounded, and in that aspect of research Dr A. W. Hull, of the General Electric Company's laboratory at Schenectady, and Dr N. H. Williams of Michigan University have just recorded a very remarkable discovery.

They have made audible the blows of the electrons as they impinge like a shower of hailstones on the plate, and they declare that the sound of this invisible bombardment is like the noise of Niagara Falls heard at a distance.

We are brought here to a phase of research which merges on the marvellous. Thomson, Rutherford, Lodge and others have enabled us to measure the electron. We know that its mass is so minute that 1,000,000 000,000,000,000 —one thousand million million million million—electrons would have a mass of less than one gramme. And Dr Hull and Dr Williams have heard these electrons at work! Before the theory of the electron was propounded the atom was regarded as the most minute conceivable particle of matter. Sir Oliver Lodge, condensing modern research into a startlingly bold and striking image, has declared that compared with an atom, an electron would be like a fly in a cathedral!

In a report to the American Physical Society, Dr Hull and Dr Williams state that they made their discovery when measuring the electrical charge on the electron. The theory of the existence of this noise had been predicted by Berlin investigators, but never proved. Dr Millikan, of the California Institute of Technology, carried the theory of the Schrot effect, as it is called, a stage further, but not to that of its definite establishment. Dr Hull and his collaborator brought into use amplifiers giving a sound magnification of the order of 100 000 times, and thus not only found decisive proof of the Schrot effect theory, but were able to measure in this way the charge on the electron within an extremely high degree of accuracy.

The atom had already been heard. A device was invented in the laboratory of the G. E. C. which enabled their movement to become audible in a loud speaker. A magnet was brought into close proximity with a bar of iron and, as the group of atoms in the iron changed their position under the influence of the magnet, the loud speaker recorded the rustling sound made by the atoms as they moved. Sir Oliver Lodge's "cathedral" was thus made vocal, as it were, and now the "fly" within it has also become audible. What will be the next step in the records of these researches into the infinitely little?

FRANÇAIS

Le nouvel an au Japon

S. Shaw, '25

Au Japon la célébration du nouvel an commence déjà vers le 10 décembre et se continue jusqu' au 8 janvier de la nouvelle année.

Les Japonais, étant un peuple très artistique, déploient beaucoup d' ornements dans la célébration de leurs fêtes, surtout dans celle du Nouvel-an.

Vers le milieu de cette période de réjouissance, on voit les hommes s'habiller généralement en "kimonos" de soie noire, parsemés de petits dessins blancs. Les vieilles femmes portent des habits de couleurs sombres, quelquefois même entièrement noirs, tandis que les jeunes femmes préfèrent le rouge et le vert. Très souvent leur riche costume est multicolore et montre toutes les couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel. Les petites filles surtout sont ornées de robes aux couleurs éclatantes, qui, s'harmonisant avec le grand ruban rouge ou vert dans leurs cheveux, les font ressembler à de grandes et charmantes poupées.

De tous côtés, on entend les mots: "O medetō gazaimasu," qui constituent la formule traditionnelle des souhaits de bonne année.

Pendant la saison du nouvel an on voit devant presque toutes les maisons deux petits sapins appelés "kado matsu," placés des deux côtés de la porte d'entrée.

Un mets spécial, appelé "mochi," espèce de gâteau fait avec de la farine de riz, est mangé presque exclusivement pendant ce temps. Ce "mochi" est grillé et les Japonais en mangent abondamment et avec beaucoup d' appétit.

Dans les districts qui possèdent des temples, on voit de longues et bruyantes processions de fidèles. La présence des "dashis," sorte de chariots symboliques, chargés d'ornements riches et fantastiques, forme le trait caractéristique de ces processions. Ces chariots sont souvent très vieux, et on dit que quelques-uns d'entre eux ont plus de deux cents ans. Pendant qu'ils traversent les rues, les occupants font un bruit assourdissant avec des instruments de toute sorte: cloches, tambours, tamtams, etc.

Pour les Japonais, le nouvel an est vraiment une saison de joie. Tous les visages sont souriants. Les misères du passé sont oubliées et on ne pense qu'au bonheur de cette joyeuse saison.

Le Charitable Henry

W. Helm, '26

Henry, le plus jeune enfant d'un docteur renommé de Kobe, est un gentil petit garçon plein de vie, et en même temps très bon élève.

Le trimestre dernier, il fut le premier de sa classe à l'examen. Or juste en ce moment-là, il se tenait un grand cirque à Osaka. Pour récompenser l'enfant de son application et de son succès à l'école, ses parents lui donnèrent de l'argent pour aller le voir. Henry fut enchanté quand sa maman lui annonça la bonne nouvelle. Comme il a l'âme très généreuse, il invita un de ses amis à l'accompagner. Malheureusement ce dernier ne put pas venir ce jour-là, étant obligé d'aller à Yokohama avec ses parents.

La veille de l'ouverture du cirque, au moment du déjeûner, Henry entend ses parents parler d'un pauvre homme, qui, ayant échoué dans ses affaires, ne pouvait plus entretenir sa famille. Cet homme avait été autrefois au service du père d'Henry, lequel avait été obligé de le renvoyer à cause d'un manque d'intégrité dans ses fonctions.

Bien qu'au courant de ces circonstances, le petit Henry fut touché du sort du malheureux employé. Il demanda à ses parents la permission d'aller lui porter quelque secours, ce qui lui fut accordé de tout coeur.

L'enfant, tout joyeux, se rend donc chez l'employé nécessiteux et lui remet tout l'argent qui était destiné à son propre amusement. On s'imagine le bonheur du pauvre homme à la vue de ce secours inespéré. Mais il n'était pas le seul heureux. Henry lui-aussi sentit, après sa charitable action, une douce satisfaction remplir son coeur. Il avait appris ce jour-là que l'aumône rend heureux celui qui la reçoit, et plus encore celui qui la donne.

Le Japon

M. Fachtmann, '25

Le Japon qui s'ouvrit à l'influence occidentale seulement vers 1850, est à présent une des plus puissantes nations du monde. La rapidité avec laquelle la culture européenne a été assimilée par ce pays est vraiment surprenante. Aujourd'hui, en effet, on peut s'y procurer presque toutes les commodités et tout le comfort de la vie moderne.

Le Japon n'est pas seulement célèbre par le developpement rapide de ses richesses matérielles et intellectuelles, mais il est aussi connu par ses productions artistiques.

La beauté scénique du Japon a été si souvent décrite qu'il serait inutile et même difficile d'ajouter quelque chose à ces descriptions élogieuses. Les Japonais sont de grands amateurs du beau et ils paraissent avoir un goût presque infaillible dans l'arrangement de leurs maisons et de leurs jardins. Leur manière de s'habiller, également, est en harmonie avec le milieu. On peut en dire autant de l'art de la décoration dans lequel les fils du soleil levant montrent un goût impeccable. L'exquise propreté de leurs maisons ainsi que le succès rare obtenu dans la combinaison des couleurs, dans la peinture et dans l'art décoratif, témoigne du haut niveau artistique du peuple japonais.

La nature, au Japon, se montre dans toute sa riche parure surtout à deux époques de l'année, d'abord au mois d'avril quand les cerisiers sont en fleurs, et ensuite à la fin d'octobre, quand le feuillage des érables change de couleur.

Les fleurs de cerisiers de Tokyo et de Kyoto sont sans rivales pour leur splendeur. Nulle part peut-être, sinon au Japon, on ne peut voir une grandeur si orientale. Aussi des milliers de personnes affluent de toutes les parties du pays pour admirer cette profusion de fleurs qui sont une image si parfaite de l'âme japonaise.

Plus tard, en automne, quand le feuillage des érables atteint ses plus riches teintes, Nikko et Nara attirent des foules innombrables qui viennent jouir de toutes les beautés d'un jour d'automne japonais.

Une terrible expérience

I. Agafuroff, '26

Jean Mérival était fils unique. Ses parents, déjà âgés, prirent soin de le faire élever dans une des meilleures écoles de Paris. Pendant les vacances d'été de l'année 1912, l'oncle de Jean qui habitait en province, loin du bruit et de l'agitation de la ville, invita son jeune neveu à venir passer les quelques semaines les plus chaudes de l'année dans les riantes collines qui entouraient sa maison. Jean qui était un garçon à l'imagination vive et riche, accepta l'invitation avec empressement, car le séjour loin de la vie raffinée de la capitale et de la contrainte de la vie de collège avait été son rêve favori pendant l'année scolaire.

Donc par une belle journée de juillet, à l'aube du jour, notre jeune aventurier mit pied à terre à la gare d'un petit bourg Etant d'un naturel très insouciant, il avait oublié d'avertir son oncle de son arrivée. Après avoir quitté le train, il aperçut dans le lointain une chaîne de riants coteaux qui semblaient l'inviter à leur rendre visite. N'ayant qu'une idée vague de sa destination, notre héros, qui était un garçon très hardi, se dirigea résolûment vers les collines dont il ne tarda pas à atteindre le pied.

Jean se mit à monter. Il n'avait pas marché longtemps quand la nuit le surprit. Une montée rapide porta l'imprudent jeune homme en peu de temps à plus 5 cents mètres au-dessus du niveau de la mer. Ce fut en vain qu'il sonda l'horizon. Il ne vit pas trace de maison, pas même la lueur d'une lampe qui pût lui révéler l'existence d'une demeure. Alors il commença à se rendre compte de sa mésaventure, et une profonde désolation s'empara de son âme.

Cependant il n'était pas encore au bout de ses aventures. Dans l'obscurité il lui semblait entendre les cris lugubres de quelque animal sauvage. Jean fut terrifié. Tout à coup il aperçut une panthère qui s'élança vers lui. Jean était très fatigué, mais voyant le péril si près, il fit un suprême effort et s'enfuit vers une maison dont la lumière enfin luisait dans le lointain. La panthère continuait à le poursuivre et n'était plus maintenant qu'à deux pas de sa victime. La mort de celle-ci paraissait certaine. Mais la main de la Providence intervint. Un coup de fusil retentit. Le péril était passé.

Le lendemain matin Jean se réveilla dans la maison de son oncle et après avoir remercié le Tout-Puissant de son aide, il s'empressa d'aller lui raconter son aventure.

Une petite leçon apprise dans un tramway

L. Cox, '25

Un soir je revenais de l'école en tramway. L'heure était un peu avancée et je me sentais quelque peu fatigué. C'est pourquoi, au lieu de lire ou de préparer mes leçons du lendemain, comme c'était mon habitude, je passais le temps à examiner la tenue des autres voyageurs. Il était presque sept heures et le tramway était à peu près vide.

Quand nous eûmes passé deux ou trois gares, je remarquai plusieurs personnes incliner leur tête dans une attitude de sommeil. De temps en temps elles se réveillaient en sursaut et regardaient d'un air vague autour d'elles. Voyant que leur station n'était pas encore arrivée, elles inclinèrent de nouveau la tête, refermèrent les yeux et reprirent leur somme.

En face de moi, assis entre deux gros dormeurs, un homme maigre et petit de taille essaya bravement de rester éveillé. Je le surveillais avec intérêt dans sa lutte contre le sommeil. Mais ses efforts ne furent pas soutenus très longtemps, et bientôt lui aussi dormait comme ses deux voisins.

J'aurais aimé voir ces trois hommes à leur réveil, mais malheuresment, j'en perdis l'occasion, car bientôt je sentis, moi aussi, que le sommeil commença à me gagner. Ce fut en vain que j'essayai de tenir mes yeux ouverts. Le bruit du moteur et les voix des voyageurs s'évanouirent peu à peu, jusqu'à ce que tout fut plongé dans le silence. Je dormais moi aussi. Combien de temps, je ne saurais le dire; mais quand j'ouvris les yeux, le conducteur criait le nom d'une gare que je ne connaissais pas. D'abord j'étais si ébloui et si embarrassé que je ne savais que faire, mais voyant la figure souriante de ce même petit bonhomme qui peu auparavant m'avait tant amusé, je me rendis compte de la réalité.

Je compris que j'avais dormi trop longtemps et manqué ma gare. Sans retard je donnai mon billet au conducteur et je descendis en hâte dans la rue. Aprés cet incident désagréable, je ne me moquerai jamais plus des pauvres gens qui dorment dans le tramway et manquent leur gare.



EVENING

The golden rays of evening
Sink beyond the hill;
And daylight now is fading,
Sweet nature now is still.

The twilight shades are deep'ning
O'er mountain, wood and dale,
And darkness softly claiming
The hazy peaceful vale.

A dreamy calm is creeping
Into our weary mind;
And soft repose is falling
Falling on mankind.

I. Agaruroff '26.

THE SUNBEAM

A sunbeam pure, a sunbeam bright,
Upon the earth it shone,
It found its way, a cheerful light,
To gladden ev'ry one.

Are you a sunbeam, are you one,
Whose path is paved with gold?
Or are you children of the sun,
Whose heart is never cold?

Are you a ray, a joyful ray,
And sent to comfort all,
To make the people glad and gay
When fondest hopes do fall?

S. Shaw '25.

FORWARD

Sunrise for life,
Sunset for strife,
Sent with the four winds near and afar.
Signal for luck,
Courage and pluck,
Strength for us all, our guiding star!

Pride of our boys,
Emblem of joys,
Rise to your standard, steer for your goal.
Forward is our name,
Forward is our aim,
Forward forever from pole unto pole!

A. d'Aquino '25.

THE PAST

The great and glorious day is here,
A dawning of new life.
It is no time for parting tears,
Get armored for the strife.

The rising sun has come once more,
And we must now depart;
We see the calm, we hear the roar,
In which we'll all take part.

The world is large, as large can be,
And there is room for all;
But in our hearts, oh, can there be,
A place for one and all?

Though pleasant may the future look,
The past is sweeter still;
Your name is set in Memory's book
Fore'er in good or ill.

R. Cox '25.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD

Behold how weak, ungrateful men
Complain that since their birth,
No joy they've had and are denied
The riches of this earth.

These words of lame reproach they lay
At our dear Father's feet.
They think that life must be all bliss:
A bed of roses sweet.

If they would think of God's great love
And that He's always nigh;
For e'en the little sparrow's fall
Cannot escape His eye;

Then they would see God's blessings sweet
Like snowflakes pure and fair
Descending from their heavenly home
To make this earth more fair.

If faith would be their guiding star,
They'd look beyond the skies,
And see the many woes and ills
As blessings in disguise.

Then let us put full trust in Him
And brace our confidence;
For e'en amidst the storms of life,
There's God's sweet Providence.

F. Clarke '27.

THE WAVES

The surging crests upon the sea
Were tipped with green and white.
The breaking waves rolled high and low
And glimmered in the light.

The billows danced upon the sea
And tossed the floating weeds,
Like southern breezes twirling 'round
The leaves upon the meads.

So let us learn and keep in mind
A lesson from these waves:
That men who dance their way in life
Will dance into their graves.

E. Gomes '25.

SAYONARA

The day has come! The day has come!
The fruit of youthful trials!
But oh, what price does Glory ask
For Fortune's fairest smiles?

The price is laid on Friendship's shrine
Where boyhood's incense burns;
And now 'tis decked with farewell wreaths,
Forget-me-nots and ferns.

'Tis thee, oh Fate, who now ordainst
That we should thus depart:
For thee 'tis but a broken bond,
For us, a broken heart!

The die is cast! The die is cast!
With this we'll say goodbye,
With this, the past is but a dream,
With this we'll break the tie!

We'll break the tie with bygone days,
We'll break the tie with you!
We'll break the tie, the golden tie,
Of Friendship fond and true.

Adieu, dear comrades one and all,
A sweet, a sad adieu!
A sweet remembrance of the past,
A sad farewell to you!

May brightest chance pave your paths,
Successes crown your ends;
Though Time will see us far away,
In heart we'll still be friends.

And now we see a gleaming ray,
A sunbeam thru the rain:
We know that soon, in days to come,
We all will meet again!

A. d'Aquino '25.

LIFE OF A PENCIL

I am a pencil strong and stout;
My name is "Best" I am no doubt.
I used to live with other friends
Inside an art store near the pens.
From there I to a boy was sold
For twenty sen as he was told.
That boy like all had habits queer:
He'd chew my neck, it made me fear
That I one day would have to go
Without a head, a neck or so.
I think that boy was very cruel
He almost used me up for fuel.
I surely wasn't made to thrive,
For once he nearly skinned me 'live
In trying hard to carve his name,
As if it was of any fame.
I think at last his fancy changed
Or was it 'cause he had been caned.
He, through the window set me free

In aiming at an enemy.
And there I lie and e'er will lie
For me no soul will give a sigh.

E. Salter '26.

FAREWELL

Farewell, dear classmates all, farewell!
At last me must depart;
We're glad without, but who can tell
What we feel in our heart.

For years we've worked and played,
Together we had fun,
But now without congenial aid
We must go toiling on.

L. Cox '25.

HOME

'Though Life is like a bright and sunny day,
We often feel the shade of sweet-breathed pines,
The shade, the yearning for our native land
and home!
And there the quiet dreams of everlasting spring,
And here the rough, tumultuous thunderstorms.
Oh! give me back that lustre of celestial charms,
And tears we shed, then tears of peace and joy...

M. Agafuroff '25.

GRADUATION

Though long and bitter seemed our way
When we were still at school,
The lesson of each passing day
Is now a priceless tool.

And now as grads we stand,
And think of days gone by,
The days that took us to this land,
The happy stage of life.

Forever will the mem'ry live,
The thoughts of younger days;
And always will we try to give
Advice to guide young ways.

M. Fachtmann '25.

EDITORIALS

Home Again

THE Forward is going to move its editorial desk before the end of this month and after July 1st. 1925 our new adress will be the familiar 85 Bluff Yokohama. Thither will go not only the desk but the whole plant and everything connected with good old S.J.C.

This intelligence may be something of the suddenest to our readers but we cannot forever remain refugees. The old phenix is stirring lively within this wrecked remnant of our once glorious selves and we mean to rise out of our ashes. Locally we are moving back to the school's birthplace; purposely to the school's grand ideal a greater and ever greater St. Joseph College.

All along we have cherished the hope of a speedy rehabilitation, for even while fleeing from disaster, a parting look upon our ruined home revealed a towering remnant spared us as a token of future resurrection. Our new concrete school-hall stood through that awful September day of '23 and now it is to be the sheltering mainstay of long-absent fugitives. With a temporary structure, erected during vacation, we will be tided over the bulk of our housing difficulties and fairly fixed to await future developments. So then, all ye of the Forward household! back we go by July 1st.

But our parting—it must truthfully be said—is painful. When our shattered corps put in its appearance at Kobe, folks of this hospitable city received us with open arms, endowed us with most generous shares of relief goods and funds, and claimed us as their own. All this help we gratefully remember and this but sharpens the pain of our impending separation. Through nearly two years of sojourning in this delightful Kwansai we have come to develop a peculiar home feeling and have got settled down to our surroundings. Now, we are called upon to sever these stout roots of affection and to break away. It hurts us because we must thereby unwittingly give pain to many sympathizers, wellwishers and friends. We hope they will understand our helplessness in the matter and bear us no ill-will. Let them accept the expression of our undying gratitude. In fact, we extend invitations to come along with as. Join the Forward movement to Yokohama. We have a lot to do down there by way of preparing for the school's silver jubilee in September 1926. It will not be as gorgeous as it would have been had there been no September 1923. But "that cuts no figure" since God's good Providence will—take the matter in hand and bring it to a suitable finish. We are optimistic;—gleefully so because we are banking on God's help, and that has never yet been wanting to us.

Here's then to the new post-Quake era of S.J.C.! Watch us grow on our oldtime vitalizer—that old specialty of ours: genuine, devoted, efficient education. And our old Boys will hardly fail to help sustain our cause by their never failing cooperation. May it all speed forward! Prosit!

Reminisence

Louis Cox, '25

AS time ceaselessly hurries us along the road of life, we look back affectionately to our minim days. Those days may have seemed hard and tedious at the time and we looked forward hopefully for later years. Now that we have reached that hoped for age, we look back longingly to those very years which shine like gold in the sweet memories of our past.

After all, the sweetest days, the ones to be the best remembered and those which never return to our minds without a feeling of gladness are the early boyhood days, spent as minims under the fatherly care of good Mr. Higli.

I am certain that every member of our Alumni, from the oldest to the youngest, can clearly picture in his mind the happy days spent as one of "Mr. Higli's boys" during the first few years in school. Every memorable event is a reason for a smile. Even the remembrance of those petty troubles and discomforts adds to the happy train of thoughts.

Do you not recall with a contented sigh, the annual excursions to the beach at Zushi or the Park in Tsurumi. The St. Joseph's Day Entertainment with its songs and plays? or the Sports Day and the prizes strung up in a long line by Mrs. Worden? Can

you not picture the old classroom in which we spent our first two years of schooling?—The bookcase filled with bright colored picture-books, the four rows of tiny desks, the old blackboards, the pencil sharpener, the "moving picture machine", the adder and all the other things? In the yard we played lines, chasseur and red and white balls. Then we had the football matches with from thirty to forty players on a side and with two or three balls in operation not to mention the baseball games likewise overcrowded and which had to be continued for some days to finish off the nine innings. The very little ones who could not join in the games, played horses or trains.—When it rained we played marbles, tug-of-war, London Bridge or the devil and angel under the shed. Almost every one of us experienced these years of endless fun whose memories we cherish so dearly. Whenever you feel lonely or depressed, recall those minim days and you may be sure that your spirits will be enlivened again.

The Heart of a Boy

A. d'Aquino, '25

BOYHOOD! Thy name alone is sufficient to express a volume of grand ideals, high ambitions and heroic deeds! 'Tis the age when the flower of youth is in full bloom, when the heart of a lad begins to show its true colors. 'Tis also the age when bitter experiences might pierce through his very soul.

The heart of a boy is mirrored in all his actions; it is the origin of all his thoughts. If allowed to wander at random, his ever active mind will soon be out of all human control, a slave to every passion, a victim to every whim and fancy. But on the contrary, if it is treated with love and educated with care and tenderness, never will we find a more beautiful heart than his. When the call of honor, duty or patriotism resounds through a nation, the heart of a boy is the first to respond. With his vim and vigor, "Failure" and "Despair" are not in his vocabulary.

There is an undefinable attraction in a boy; perhaps it is his winning personality, frank and youthful countenance, manly and energetic manners, the bold and enterprising spirit with a tint of his boyish innocence: perhaps it is his smile, his genuine smile, a smile that gold cannot buy, a smile that betrays the strong, kind heart of a boy.

Boyhood is the time of jolly days, storing sweet remembrances of youth; without a thought of sorrows that await him in the valley of fear, his heart seems to be a fragment of paradise, bringing sunshine to everyone. Indeed, a great poet once said:

"Alas! Regardless of their doom, the little victims play!

No sense have they of ills to come, nor care beyond to-day!"

It is a well-known psychological principle that the weakness of a person attracts our sympathy. When we see an amitious boy dashing headlong, we are naturally inclined to give a timely word of warning and advice. We are also aware of the saying: a boy is heart and soul for good or for bad.

Every manly lad has a heart, a grand and a noble heart. Even when winter comes, even when nature is dead, his heart is warmed by the flame of youth; even when existence is clothed in despair, nothing can ever quench the flame of youth; quench the flame of virtue peacefully glowing in the heart of a true lad!

A Friend in Need

N. Didishko, '28

A venerable farmer who had a numerous family liked to tell stories to his children. Here is one of the anecdotes he related: "Once two strong football teams had a challenge. Patrick Burns was the captain, and Roy Errol the goal-keeper of the White team.

An exciting game it was, both sides playing with utmost vigour. A few minutes before the end of the game, a desperate kick sent the ball towards Roy. He jumped; but the ball slipped through his hands. "Roy! couldn't you stop it?" thundered the excited captain.—"You see I...I..." "Shut up, you intended to....." Erroll calmly left the field without a word of backfire.

Two days later, Patrick went to collect ferns in some neighboring quarries. "How lucky!" exclaimed the boy, gazing at a rare fern on a cliff. While climbing down the precipice his foot slipped, and he hung by some weak roots. "Help! Help!" he cried. "Hallo" came a voice from above, take hold of this rope.

In a second, Burns stood by Roy. "Thanks! You are my saviour. I apologize. I was your enemy." "I never had enemies, I always respected you," said Roy, true sport as he was.

A Good Citizen is Reliable

S. Dresser, '26

A good watch is reliable because it is made up of good material; because it is carefully constructed by experienced workmen; because in its fabrication valuable substances are used. But a citizen is reliable when he has been brought up by virtuous parents, and possesses an elevated character. A man can be depended upon if he is well bred, if he is well educated and if he is honest and true and performs his duties conscientiously with a keen sense of his responsibility to the public.

Again a watch of a renowned manufacturing concern is considered trustworthy not only because other watches of the same company have always been dependable but because it is true to its make, because it has the quality of upholding its name and moreover it fulfills constantly all that

is expected of a good watch.

A man is a good citizen if he is true to his Maker, true to his Creator, just as a good watch is to its manufacturer, and tries his utmost to act and speak according to the commandments which God has imposed on him.

He is a good citizen if in him we may find an unbreakable pillar upon which we may lean; he is a citizen on whom we may rely, if he treads in the road on which Christ first walked, if he proceeds along the narrow and steep path which Jesus has indicated, and if he imitates as much as possible His model conduct during the 33 years of His earthly life. Such a citizen is certainly good, and a good citizen is undoubtedly reliable, for he follows Christ's example, the perfect citizen.

A Good Sport Plays Fair

John Walker, '28

A sport, is in short, one who never inflicts pain on others. He is cheerful; especially so during gloomy days when even the weary hours seem brightened by his appearance. He is careful not to refer to topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation; he knows to whom he is speaking; and he is kind, unselfish to all.

Forgetful of himself, he is ever ready to rescue a person in great danger and this even at the risk of his own life. Nor is his heroic action a rash one, since, before accomplishing it he has calculated all the chances of success.

In games, he will try his best to ensure the victroy of his side; he will never indulge in cheating. His honesty knows no bounds. If he is defeated, he displays his manly character by taking the loss in a gentlemanly or sporty way, going even as far as to congratulate his rivals upon their victory. This done, he cheerfully rejoins his companions, assuring them of better efforts for the future.

His conduct is not without a noble reward, for he usually wins popularity and esteem. Every one trusts him, and the good reputation earned at school will be for him the best passport to an enjoyable, and noteworthy career

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GRAD SKETCHES

BY EVERYBODY

Samuel G. Shaw

THE "G" in his nomenclature is a boildown of "argument". If you want to tickle his weak spot argue. Arguing is, I presume his middle name. If he hears something which he does not agree with, he will surely say "Wha-at?", in that pouting, inquiring, and challenging way peculiar to him. Then comes the inevitable debate And after you have fairly run out of saliva and your arms ache from gesticulating, the only concession gotten out of Sam G amounts to ' you're hopeless ".

Among his schoolfellows he is known as 'Sammy" but among the privileged classmates he is famous as "Thammy Thaw", "China" or "OP". "China is that name of his which connotes his undisputed title as the champion Mah Jongg player at S.J.C. Mah Jongg and "OP" seem as if brought up together Sit down with him to a game, and in less time than it takes to say Jack Robinson, a volley of "Pungs", "Chows", and "Mah Jonggs" is fired at you, and before you are aware, there is the clattering together of bones, and his "limit hand" is proudly displayed to view. Nobody cares to be roundly beaten, not even at cryptic Mah Jongg, but there is a palliative to getting beaten by Sam G...you get a demonstration of talking through your chin.

As to sports, why, if ever you see a Soccer player leaving an opponent who has just brought up the ball, in a questioning attitude of "Whe-whe-where is that football?" you know that our star left wing has been around It is much the same in the half mile race,...for Sammy an easy smiling trot with about thirty yards to the good...and the followers, after keeping themselves in the perpendicular by sheer force; he breasts the tape much the same as it were a matter of daily occurence.

"Sammy" has quite a large musical bump in his cranium; he is a talented embryonic pianist, but unfortunately his ambition does not lie in that dire tion. "Thammy" wants to become a great scientist. He graduates loaded with the good wishes of his comrades that he win name and fame at the University of Dayton, where name and fame can speedily be won. Prosit!

Murat Agafuroff

HAS a nickname of "Noppo" and it is no misnomer either. As it does not please his dignified soul to answer to such a name, he is now known to us his familiars of the school bench—as "Aga". When his spirits are high you can tell it 5 miles away from school. His famous war-cry of "atta-boy" is a sure warning that someone is going to get "lammed' on the head with a text book. The mischief done, he whoops about the

classroom with "tiru! tiru!" exemplifying before first-comers and uninitiated a rather interesting specimen of homo lunaticus. But to the trained eyes of his classmates he's just acting kiddish. It's all "verra well" for a "Higli tot" but for a Senior to act thus is most intolerable. Be the case what it may, when he's serious — seldom enough that! — his behaviour befits an 18 year old lad.

For some reasons unknown to us he has a marked liking for animals, because every time you mention "quadruped" he is sure to grin heartily. Yet another way to win a smile is to promise him a treat. Passive treating is, in fact, a recognized specialty of his.

"Aga" is a well-liked comic actor. He is always giving us a laugh. Perhaps—a modest venture of mine—nature gifted him along lines of the comical, and hence his success! Not only is he good at acting but he is a swell sportsman, shining most brilliantly in basket-ball.

"Noppo" takes special delight in repeating a quotation of "a lad with a cleanly shaven face". You'd expect to see a like person, wouldn't you? Unfortunately you'd be disappointed for his handsome face is forever marred with a bearded chin. "Aga" started as a scholar of S J.C. from the 5th grade. "A la mode de" most Russians he made rapid progres ins English. A diligent and hard worker he was, but upon his arrival at Seniority, hard worker—bah!! "Pleasure before duty" should rather be his motto tho he is latterly mouthing "take thy time while time is lent thee". Is he not trying to take unfair advantage of Robert Southwell?

But summing up, "Aga" is a good chap, kind-hearted, sympathetic as a woman. Ask his aid when you're in trouble and he's sure to give you a lift.

Edward Victor Vincent Gomes

TO depict Eddi's character, it is sufficient to mention that this personage didn't have a single fight throughout his scholastic career. He's quiet and inoffensive most of the time, but being a member of the '25 class he can be hilarious and jolly if the occasion demands it. There's one thing about him that is a mystery to us: once in a while Victor assumes an attitude that all the world has turned against him, then you will have to imagine to yourself the sulkiest creature in order to visualize the image of Gomes. What gives him this notion none can quite understand, for they are like the mysterious summer storms that herald the period of pleasant balmy days.

In sports, Eddy takes a prominent place. This year he was elected captain of our baseball squad. He's our flashy shortstop and it's a treat to watch him field the red-hot grounders that come his way. As a guard in basketball he defended the honor of S.J.C. against the crack teams of Kansai district.

So far for sports. Now, his dramatic abilities claim some space in these pages. More than once he exhibited the talents of a real actor when he took up the main parts in the various pieces our school produced. It's strange how well he interprets the villain characters!

Vincent says he likes fishing; maybe that's the reason why he feels

himself world forsaken. Force of habit, you know.

There is no way by which he expresses his feelings but, "what y-ou-ou!" is his weapon against all the jokes of his classmates.

On the whole, Gomes is a good soul, everybody likes him. His ambition is very commonplace: he wants a million. Don't forget us when you get it Ed!

Max Fachtmann

"HAPPINESS must be earned," is an extract from the vast system of "Max's" moral philosophy, and Max sticks to his maxim, for seldom will you hear him complain about the petty shorts and discomforts that fill in the program of life. His standing in class, too, indicates that he understands the inscription on his philo flag.

Max is a sociable chap and the popularity he enjoys among his classmates testifies that only too plainly. His habits and bearing are those of a "thorough gentleman" and his discernment of good and bad is, to say anything at all about it, rather marked; but in his taste ah! the old boy certainly is particular. This is not to discredit him because he'll present a dozen reasons for his choice and two dozen against somebody else's. And being an S.J.C. graduate all he says counts.

In early high school days, the budding athlete in Max was badly and almost made to perish by a severe sickness. But see him now! he's one of the best jumping centermen in Japan and his playing has the real technique; besides, he's one of our bets for high jump.

Having gone through the whole course of S.J.C. training (a real distinction) he developed, despite his 16 years, a jolly good character. He is a peace loving fellow, which means he dislikes that common form of youthful recreation, fighting; but when he gets going, his noise-making abilities can't be surpassed. It's all right Max, "life is real and earnest" says Longfellow.

Like all great men he has his mannerisms. Thus, "verra well" stands as his favorite password and "not so worse(?!)" denotes his approval.

Max's ambition is to earn his happiness. We really wish you will.

Louis A. Cox

BEFORE unfolding to you the varied courses of this illustrious individual let me tell you that the mysterious "A" stands not for Albert neither for Arthur nor Alfred but for Alphonso the one and only.

Some ten years ago this illustrious personage was included in the celebrated class of Mr. Higli. There, in spite of many handicaps, he gained high honors at the examinations and has been so doing ever since. In class he was always studious, always taking his work seriously.

As a sportsman, he excels especially in basketball and running. For basket-

ball it suffices to say that he captained the victorious quintet that defeated most of the teams in Kwansai, and also that he is the star shooter of the team and invariably gains most of the points of its scores. In running he devotes most of his time and training to the mile. He hoped to break the school record and at the last Sport Day he came within two seconds of it. In spite of all this he insists that he prefers to run in short distances.

So also for swimming; his endurance and ability to "keep at it" has made him a top-hole and long distance performer. He is our best bet from the hundred meters up.

During his freshman year he immortalized his name before the Yokohama public when he appeared as the title role in "Edward the Confessor". The following year, his talents not being forgotten, he took again the heaviest part in the "Three Starry Crowns" while prior to this he had appeared in several comic pieces staged by the school.

He will pursue a course of Civil Engineering in the University of Dayton. Unquestionably will the college assets he has thus far laid by, stand him in good stead for as long as he will frequent the new alma.

Rupert Cox Jr.

RUPIE is a sort of electrical character: approximately one thousand volts of energy, five thousand watts of ambition, average work efficiency about 16,000 H. P. From this we conclude that he is a pretty lively chap.

When it comes to enterprise, Rupie will shame the whole classical hall of fame, Julius Ceasar, Napoleon and Christopher Columbus included. For that reason you will see him everywhere. If you happen to see the S.J.C. basketeers, the niftiest player is Rupie; if you see the S.J.C. athletes, the cynosure is Rupie; if you see the S.J.C. swimmers, the hero among the divers is Rupie; if you see a flat-chested, crestfallen invalid, then it is not Rupie.

On the school-bench the story runs thus: Intelligence of this R. U. P. calibre is as rare as an ice-cream cone in the north pole. His grey matter has a density of about 99, excluding the crust; the reason of it is as "simple as pie". It is the condensation of Edison's inventive abilities, Einstein's theoretical brains, Newton's mathematical penetration, about 20,000 candle power of observation, a hundred storage batteries of reserve energy, and one dry cell (not his head) with zero potential difference (i.e. French)—whereas Moral Philo. is the time for digital recreation.

His expression of disgust is "Sap"! Sometimes when he is more sympathetic he says "You poor sap!" When his less gifted comrades fail to keep up with his mathematical reasonings he usually comes with his "Can't you see?"

His bugbear is spelling (Sh! We must not say that too loudly: his genius might object.) Perhaps he has the ambition of editing a new dictionary for the benefit of those who have the same weakness. "Rupinian Dictionary" would be stylish as a trip to the moon. His principle is "spell them as you like."

Like all great geniuses, and ambitious young men, he once got the radio craze, (I say "once not twice").

He took home a crystal detector and some wires. A few days later he returned them. When questioned if he heard something he answered "It won't work." He's smart. He won't say "did not succeed."

He is going to Dayton to show the professors what a clever chap he is. Some day we hope to see his name in the newspapers and scientific magazines with a dozen capital letters appended.

Antony Benedict Alpheus d'Aquino

BEFORE unfolding the life-history of this celebrity, let me whisper that it was only recently and by ingenious strategy that we were enabled to discover his full name.

To begin with, the most important event in Tony's life occurred in the fair section of Nakamura, for there's where he was born. The next important event seems to be the bestowing of his name; of course, the importance derives as much from the length of the ceremony as the length of the name together with the length of time it is to be remembered.

Alphie commenced his scholastic career at the bottom of the ladder with Mr. Higli, this coming September, exactly 10 years ago. He was always a quiet and retiring sort of lad, and in class showed signs of becoming the hard and serious worker that he is to day. Although in his more tender years Benny was but an average scholar, two years ago he took a bound out of his "ordinariness", and now from his Parnassus can look down at the rest of us. "Perseverance shall conquer" says he, so there he is.

It was in the Freshman Class when Alph received the nickname which still reveals his identity. For some unaccountable reason, one of the boys called him "Cleopatra"—of all things that could happen—and, surprisingly enough this classical surname, reduced to the masculine denomination "Clee", has stuck to him ever since. For another unaccountable reason he is also known as "Zenobia" or "Zeno". In his more official capacity he is addressed by his comrades as Duck or "Daki", variations of the mediaeval d'Aquino.

Duck may appear a retiring chap but he has a long ton of school spirit. Immediately after the quake, when athletes were scarce for the teams, Clee filled a position on the second football squad. He also caught for the second baseball team and it certainly did surprise the rest of us to see Zeno perform behind the bat. Besides these accomplishments he was captain of this year's successful football team.

Since we are writing true history we must say that Tony is not exactly a boon-companion, boisterous and bumptious like most of us, but he is good-natured and never selfish in his dealings. He is not one of those fellows who change their mood with the temperature. It is not difficult to get a smile or a laugh out of him at any time, especially when you need one.

Daki can play the harmonica charmingly; it is a treat to hear him when he puts his soul into it. He is intimately known among the smaller kids: we often lectured him that it is undignified to play marbles with the preps—but that simply proves his popularity.

We may justly say that Clee's

hobby is poetry. He has a whole volume of home-made poems, and we pity the future generations who will study his classical works. Besides poetry Duck seems to like studying. There is not a moment of the day when he is not seen with a book in his hand. Whenever he is asked a difficult question, he raises a hand to his chin, puckers up his mouth, knits his brow, looks wise and fires forth the answer.

Duck has quite a few favorite expressions. (No, it is not Quack Quack!), When he thinks that the others are inconsiderate, he rouses their sysmpathy with his "Have a heart!" He uses "Fish" when he hears something incredulous, and "My Goodness!" when something unexpected bubbles up.

From henceforth let it be known to all generations that the full name and title of the hero is "Antony, Zenobia, Alpheus, Cleopatra, Benedict, etc. etc. d'Aquino Q.E.D.

John Francis Masson

UPON the 30th day of March of the year of of Our Lord 1907 an extra burden (we will say that it was not useless) was added to good old Mother Earth, already groaning under the weight of teeming milions, in the person of our highly-exalted Johnnie.

Once out of the critical stage of slaverer he entered the Baby Class of that fatherly and familiar tutor Mr Higli, under whose biding care he drank in his first rudiments of knowledge.

Even in those early days he had a very strong inclination for acting and was all concerned about it; he was our premier comedian and his talents have not been wasted during his school-years. In at least a dozen plays he has shown the comic streak he wears, by making our sides ache from laughter.

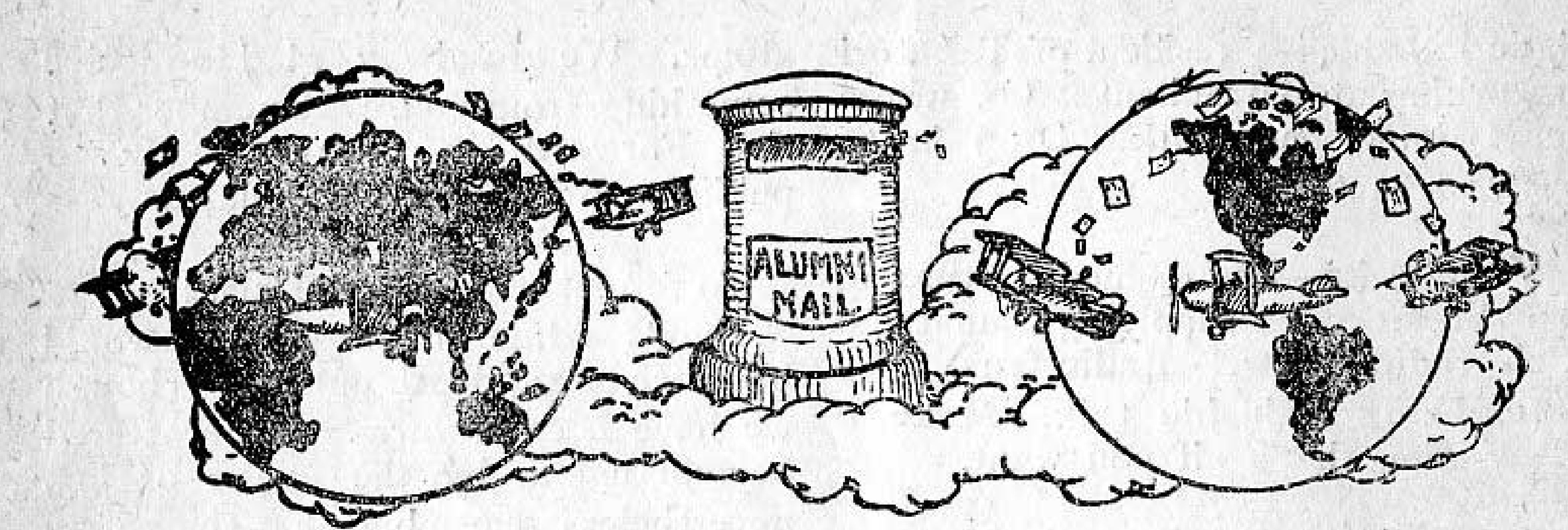
In sports his powers are for running; in which he takes the lead for dashes. He is rightly called the "Speed Demon of SJC", having performed the 100 yards in 11 flat.

Johnnie is also on the baskets-ball team as a guard. You will perhaps wonder why it is that such a speedy fellow is not a forward, but if you ever have the good fortune to see the tenacious way in which he keeps after the opponents you will not put him anywhere else. Close Guarding! Why, the other team refuses to enter the game until they ascertained that Johnnie has just had a shave or they might otherwise get hurt.

He does not seem to have any special way to express his feelings, but when something is insinuated that does not seem creditable to him, he will indignantly ask: "What?".

It is said that the most comical on the stage are the most serious off it, and Johnnie seems to be no exception to the rule. He is very thorough in whatever he undertakes whether it be of the nature of studies or sports.

He has rather a fondness for dancing and is quite an adept at this graceful art. His ambition is to become a star comedian and we wish him the best of luck with the best of the Forward's blessings.



Max Fachtmann, '25

In Memoriam — The news of the death of Mr E. Fox was certainly an unexpected one for we had just heard of his departure for England. We extend our sincere sympathy to Mrs Fox and family.

Dr. Worden — Our friend of long years and Father of stalwart Graduates has returned to Yokohama after travelling extensively in America.

H. Schirmer—A lucky hand must have pulled you by the collar, Hans: to win a raffle is something wonderful in itself but to get an Ace for five yen is—finish it up. Luck comes in pairs. What will your next be?

J. Martin — Perhaps the call of nature has induced Jules to go to Mexico. Revolution!! Ha! But no! Jaja is an ambitious youth with no thoughts of spilling boiling blood. Measure your pace Jules, and you'll surely reach success. Best luck to you.

F. Schirmer — The "office boy" sends his greetings to the "School boys." Well Fritz, study or no study, College life is more enjoyable eh?

G. Weed — George is slowly but surely approaching the rank of a mathematician. Words of praise have reached us from Dayton; favorable news of you George. Fine work "Pogie" follow the footsteps of your "pa".

J. da Silva—Johnny is kept well occupied as the Secretary of Cyma. Make the career of this new club a booming success.

E. Jungers—Well merited comments on your poem "Farewell but not Goodbye" have been read in a foreign magazine. Nice work Pinky, turn in some literary masterpieces. If you write send them to the Forward. Thus, you will spread the knowledge of your talents to every corner of the world, due to the wide circulation of the Forward.

E. da Silva—Wedding bells have tinkled happy chimes for Ernest da Silva and Anna Guterres. Congratulations Ernie, may your future be joyous and prosperous. He is at home with Mrs. da Silva in a cozy little bungalow in Yokohama

Mr. Williams—has greatly aided us in making the St. Joseph's Spring Sports a success. Our heartiest thanks Mr. Williams for all the trouble you took in our behalf.

G. de Lalande—a resident of Takatori is working at Satrachan & Co. where he is doing fine work. Drop in to see us sometimes.

V. Jeltenko—has opened a store in the States for supplying amateurs with radio parts. Radio-fans take note, here's valuable talk. Make a hit Vadim, that's all you want.

A. Fachtmann — Though his lab, contents and all, had been destroyed our friend has started up again on his pet hobby of scientific tinkering. Already he is in proud possession of a perfect home-made radio set. Keep it up, and one day your lab will be complete again.

I. Volkoff—Police! Police! No, no we are not in trouble only Igor found a good berth as interpreter, French interpreter at that, in the Shanghai Police Department. Strange how a few months of real work give fruitful ideas to a chap! Good wishes to you "Alda".

H. Mahr—a regular correspondent to the Forward Staff. Others please take note and imitate. Hugo, you're doing nice in Seattle. Shoot high and you will be sure to hit the mark. "Bestest" to your brother.

H. Bennet — was over to see the Senior and Junior Sports in May. The Minims too have been able to welcome him to their games. Drop in Herbie and see the school back in Yokohama.

J. Boyd—Thanks for your essay on atoms. We are always glad to receive something from you. Remember that the Forward is always ready to publish works from an Alumnus.

To former pupils of the class of '25 —Here's a line to those who would have been a graduate of 1925. Though we have been thrown apart, scattered beyond union, by the quake of '23, nevertheless remember that the hearts of the eight graduates are all one in wishing our friends, the would-have-been-graduates, the best of success in life. May your future be blessed with happiness aud contentment.

O. Guezenec—On the presentation of the St. Joseph's College diploma, Olivier was given the French baccalaureate for the University of Paris. Oliver is studying law and expects to return to Japan after his studies at the University. With the return of Mr. and Mrs. Guezenec, of the French Embassy of Tokyo, we learned of the happy news of Olivier's marriage. Congratulations Oliver, to you are yours and may your future be happy.

L. Haum wishes all success to the whole school. Many thanks for the snaps of the College Building. We're hoping to meet you soon in Yokohama, Louis.

A. Breen has given the Forward a considerable lift with his generous donation. Our heartiest thanks Arthur. Your flying visit to the College was greatly appreciated. Come to see us when we're settled in Yokohama again.



Louis Cox, '25

Annual Spring Sports.—The annual field day took place on the Kobe Recreation Grounds on the 12th of May. The weather being perfect, the affair was a grand success. We are greatly indebted to Mr. S. Stevens and the K. R. & A. C. for loaning us the necessary apparatus for the occasion. We are also grateful to Mr. C. J. Williams for acting as starter and to Messrs. H. Sanborn and C. Dresser who where the donor of silver cups presented to the record breakers. Our sincerest gratitude to the promoters of S. J. C. athletics.

On the same day, the minims had their sports day at the Koyoen Park under the supervision of M. Higli.

A Competition.—The school was invited to join in a literary competition run under the auspices of the Foreign Auxiliary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, but due to unfavorable conditions and rules, we found it advisable to decline. Nevertheless, we are thankful for having been considered.

Debating.—Debating has been taken up by the Senior Class. Several touchy questions have been argued upon and great interest aroused. Samuel Shaw of the Senior Class, whose pet pastime happens to be just in this line, is regarded as the strongest opponent.

The Old Swimming Hole.—The boarders' swimming pond up in the hills is the scene of much fun these hot days. Small boats have been built and launched with solemn ceremony. Plans are being made for an aquatic meet to take place in the near future.

We were glad to read in the University of Dayton magazine, the Exponent, favorable criticisms on some of our literary products.

A Helping Hand From Across the Waters.—Rev. James A. McFadden of Lakewood, Ohio, recently sent us some much needed assistance. He wrote, "I am enclosing a check for $673.00 to be used for St. Joseph's College, Yokohama, Japan......Cleveland should be grateful to the Brothers. I know I received my early education from the Brothers at the Cathedral School and I am going to do my best for any of the works in in which the Brothers are interested." This generous gift from a man not personally acquainted with St. Joseph's College is most encouraging. We are more than grateful to you, Rev. McFadden, and the school takes this opportunity to thank you for your goodness.

The Mikage Normal—kindly allow-

ed our track and field team the use of their large athletic field for training purposes. The Athletic Association wishes to express their appreciation.

Our Return.—Mr. Gaschy spent the last week of May in Yokohama. The nature of his trip was to settle plans for our return. Conditions seem to have been favorable for it was recently made public that the next term will find the school in its place in Yokohama. A great number of boarding students are expected and for this reason the top floor of the New Building will be used as the dormitory. A building is now under construction on the site of the former Faculty Hall to supply rooms for other uses. The new athletic field, although not completely fixed, is capable of accomodating the entire student body in their games. The home going will be the renaissance of S. J. C.

Walter Helm—Walter is a hard worker and a generous boy. Ask his Junior companions or listen to this and be convinced. Last summer he gathered a nice little sum by working in an office and guessing that the financial condition of the College was not the brightest, Walter handed over his entire savings to the College. More than thanks, Walter !



Murat Agafuroff, '25

Sports Day Complete Success
Dressers Break Records

St. Joseph's athletes had another chance to demonstrate their prowess when they gathered on May 12th at the K. R. & A. C. grounds for the 24th Annual Sports Day.

The day opened with the 100 yds. event. Eleven breathless seconds and A. Dresser breasted the tape victorious with J. Masson a close second.—S. Shaw won the Cricket Ball event when he hurled the pill for 91 yds.—220 yds. presented some real excitement ; it was the closest race of the day. M. Guterres nosed out ahead at the 25 sec. limit.

Then came the Pole Vault during which event Mr. H. Sanborn of Kobe promised a silver cup to any participant who would equal or break the K.R. & A.C. record in this test. This caused very much emulative excitement among the athletes.—For a while, A. Mendonca and A. Dresser exhibited a close struggle for superiority. Suddenly the former broke off at the 9′ 6″ mark,

qualifying for the second place. The bar then was placed over the record, at a new height (10′ 1″) and A. Dresser topped the height with ease, winning the trophy and drawing applause from the crowd.

Half Mile run saw S. Shaw at the lead—(for particulars refer to his biography.) Putting the shot at 32′ 4″ from the ring A. Mendonca won the first place.—S. Kawazoe finished the 440 yds. race full 10 yds. ahead of the rest, showing why he represents S. J. C in this event.—S. Dresser was the undisputed first in Hop, Step & Jump.—In One Mile L. Cox had a whack at the school record but he crossed the tape 2 seconds short of it.

In High Jump S. Dresser set a new reading for the school record when he left the bar untouched at 5′ 5¾″. This he performed with remarkable ease. Animated with a spirit of victory, he made another jump, though this time it was a horizontal one ; in this event he placed first.

The "funny" races came off in the afternoon, creating a great deal of mirth and interest for the on-lookers as well as for the contestants.

Mr. C. Dresser presented a beautiful silver cup and it was unanimously decided by the Committee that it should be given to a record breaker. Since two records were broken the trophy went to S. Dresser as he had gathered the most points during the day ; fifteen in all. A Dresser came next with 14 ; third was S. Shaw counting eleven.

Mr. C. J. Williams kindly performed as the official starter and Mr. H. Sanborn as one of the judges of the day.

The winners in the different races received medals as prizes.

St. Joseph's College Track and Field Records

Throwing the Cricket Ball
104 yds. May 1908 V. Worden
50 Yards
5.5 seconds, May 1909 P. Trockey
100 Yards
10.25 seconds, May 1910 P. Trockey
High Jump
5′ 5.15″ May 1925 S. Dresser (Old record : 5′ 3.5″ 1922 V. Jeltenko)
One Mile
5 min. 13 sec. May 1923 G. Ivison.
Pole Vault
10′ 1″ May 1925 A. Dresser (Old record : 9′ 9″ 1923 G. Fachtmann)
220 Yards
24.45 seconds, May 1914 B. Andreis.
Long Jump
19′ 2″, May 1916, W. Curtis.
440 Yards
50 seconds, May 1909 P. Trockey
Putting the Shot
33′ 6″, May 1915 H. Suzor
Half Mile
2 min. 13 sec. May 1913, M Feicke

Review of the Sports Season '25

FOOTBALL—The Blue and White warriors performed very successfully throughout the cold season. So much so that they handed out three successive shutouts to opposing elevens, among which, Konan Higher and Meisei Commercial presented a very formidable opposition.

Lack of suitable grounds and hence of practice manifested itself in almost every game ; it was the main cause of our defeat in the hands of Kobe Higher Commercial. But what we lacked in technique, the defense amply retributed at vigilance and the forwards in speed and endurance.

Kosloff and Guterres were the particular stars on the forward line ;

distinguishing themselves in nifty combination work and timely shooting. On defense A. Dresser invariably spread terror in the ranks of opposing attackers when he frustrated their efforts by his strategic movements. Captain d'Aquino thanks the team for good will and determination throughout the season.

Games played:

S.J.C.	vs.	Mikage Normal	2—1	won
S.J.C.	vs.	Mikage Normal	0—3	lost
S.J.C.	vs.	Koyo Middle	3—1	won
S.J.C.	vs.	Kobe Higher Commercial	1—2	lost
S.J.C.	vs.	Canadian Academy	3—1	won
S.J.C.	vs.	Meisei Commercial	0—0	draw
S.J.C.	vs.	Canadian Academy	4—0	won
S.J.C.	vs.	K.R. & A.C. (2nd)	1—1	draw
			19—9	

BASKETBALL—The St. Joseph's basketeers ploughed through their first regular season in a flashy form. They practically suffered only one defeat when they were pitted against the husky Kwansai Gakuin men. Weight proved superior then.—The series with the formidable Osaka Young Stars was split even; the same happened when they met the champs of Kansai Higher Schools, Konan Higher. The middle school champions of Japan, Chugai Commercial went down before the whirlwind speed of the Blue and White quintet. The remaining games were won with little difficulty.

The entire combination deserves all the praise for cohesive team-work and consistent playing, which enabled the S.J.C. representative basketball team to be ranked as one of the formidable quintets in Kansai.

Games played:

S.J.C.	vs.	Kobe Young Foreigners	58—28	won
S.J.C.	vs.	Mikage Normal	58—13	won
S.J.C.	vs.	Osaka Commercial	33— 0	won
S.J.C.	vs.	Osaka Commercial	59— 7	won
S.J.C.	vs.	Konan Higher	28—30	lost
S.J.C.	vs.	Konan Higher	42—41	won
S.J.C.	vs.	Kwansai Gakuin	10—18	lost
S.J.C.	vs.	Young Stars	32—25	won
S.J.C.	vs.	Young Stars	33—39	lost
S.J.C.	vs.	Chugai Commercial	33—24	won
S.J.C.	vs.	Canadian Academy	42—16	won
S.J.C.	vs.	Union	43—17	won
S.J.C.	vs.	Union	49—29	won
			520—287	

Minim Division

Great hopes are centered on the following minim athletes who performed very creditably in the track and field events during the St. Joseph's Sports Day:

Kikuchi, champion of 1913
G. Mayers, champion of 1914 (average 84%)
W. Mayers, champion of 1915 (average 82%)



Rupert Cox, '25

GENEROUS

"Those poor little boys next door have no mummy or daddy and no dear Aunt Jane," said mother, "now wouldn't you like to give them something—just a small present?"

"Yes," said her little son, "let's give them Aunt Jane."

TRUTHFUL

Employer:—"John, I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work."

Office Boy:—"I wasn't working, sir, only whistling."

THE BURNING TOPIC

Bell Hop:—"Get up quick sir. The hotel's on fire."

Scotsman:—"Right ye are, laddie—but if I do, mind ye, I'll not pay for the bed."

GETTING EVEN

Waiter:—"This half dollar is no good, sir."

Diner:—"Then that makes us quits—your lunch wasn't any good either."

STILL RUNNING

Doctor:—"I had a case last year of a man with a compound fracture of the leg. After my treatment he became a famous sprinter!"

Patient:—"After he saw your bill, I suppose."

A SLIGHT DROP

Tommy:—"Daddy, the barometer has fallen."

Daddy:—"Much?"

Tommy:—"About five feet."

WILLING TO HELP

Tramp:—"Lady, could you give a poor man a bite?"

Lady:—"No, I am a vegetarian; but I have a fine big dog that will oblige you, I am sure."

SCARED OF RAIN

Mrs. Norrich (to chauffeur turning

a corner) :—"Don't put your hand out that way, keep both hands on the wheel. I'll tell you when it is raining."

AMBITIOUS

"What do you expect to be when you come of age, my little man?" asked the visitor.

"Twenty-one," was the reply.

THINGS AS THEY ARE

One morning while the children were eating breakfast, Milford put two heaping spoonfuls of sugar in his cocoa.

"I should think that one spoonful is enough," remarked his sister.

"I should think so too. but it ain't." he replied.

A NEW FACTORY

"I suppose you don't know Tennyson's works."

"No, I never visit factories."

NEW BAIT

"Have you got permission to catch those fishes?" inquired an officer.

"No! but worms are good enough."

TOP LIGHT

"My dad don't mind even if he lives in a vacuum."

"How's that?"

"Equilibrium."